Judy Cherven

WORDEATER AWARDS

Jacquie Bebar, Paul Hawkins, Karola Limbach, Doug Richards and John Stobart ---these are the 1974-75 Wordeaters chefs. They collect, consider, choose, coordinate, collaborate, cook, and combine JJC readables in an attempt to quiet that literary glutton of gluttons, Loudmouth McKracken of Jucoland.

Every semester, Loudmouth reconsiders how he has fared and awards prizes under the following categories. Only John Stobart, faculty representative on the staff, is privy to Loudmouth's thinking here since the student editors are usually also writers and, hence, part of the competition.

IDENTICAL AWARDS WILL BE ANNOUNCED MAY 2 FOR WORDEATER XI
FEBRUARY 14 DEADLINE, AND XII, APRIL 18 DEADLINE.

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THE $10 COVER DESIGN FOR WORDEATER X GOES TO ..... JUDY CHERVEN

POETRY

$5.00.....IMAGES.....SHARON MCCARTEN.....IX
$5.00.....SOUNDS.....BONNIE SAYKO.....IX & X
$5.00.....STORY.....LINDA BOHM.....IX & X
$5.00.....STRUCTURE.....PAUL HAWKINS.....IX & X
$5.00.....DICTION.....PAUL HAWKINS.....IX & X
$5.00.....CLEVERNESS.....SHARON MCCARTEN.....IX

$10 BEST LONG POEM.....LINDA BOHM.....MY MARIONETTE ROLE IX
$5 BEST LONG POEM.....PAUL HAWKINS."WHAT A GOOD IMITATION THIS EARTH IS" X
$ 5 BEST SHORT .....SHARON MCCARTEN....."CRITIC CRITERIA" IX
$2.50 2ND.....PAUL HAWKINS ..."LESSONS FROM FINDING A WILLOW BRANCH IN NOVEMBER"IX
$1.50 3RD.....LINDA BOHM.....I HAVE THE UPPER HAND X
$1.00 4TH.....JACQUIE BEBAR..."CAGES".....X

FICTION

$5.00 PLOT.....BILL HENRY'S ....."SCRAP OF PAPER".....X
$5.00 MOOD.....CLYDE MASSARO'S..."NIGHT OF THE GREEN BALL"....X
$5.00 SERIOUS.....MIKE ADAM'S....."TUNDRA TRAGEDY".....X
$5.00 COMIC.....BONNIE ELLIS' "FRESHMAN BLUES".....UNPUBLISHE
$5.00 MALE CHARACTERIZATION.JIM YOUNGQUIST'S .."DESPERATION OF A CLOWN"...IX
$5.00FEMALE CHARACTERIZATION...LOIS COOK'S...
$10.00 BEST OVER-ALL .....SHELIA SASSO'S..."SUGAR AND SPICE".....IX
2ND BEST.....JIM YOUNGQUIST'S..."DESPEARTION OF A CLOWN"..IX
3RD BEST.....MAUREEN EASSON's....."HUNG JURY".....IX

ARTICLES

$5.00..EDITORIAL.....SHARON MARIZZA'S.....".RAINBOWS" X
$5.00..ARTICLE.....SHARON MARIZZA'S....."PEANUT BUTTER SANDWHICHES".....X
$5.00..REVIEW.....R.L. CLAIRE's....."AIRPORT 1975".....UNPUBLISHED.....
$5.00..SATIRE.....LEN HEINE'S....."CREEPADENDRON MAN".....IX
$5.00..RESEARCH.....NONE SUBMITTED.....

THERE THEY ARE, THE WORDEATER AWARDS FOR 1974.

CONGRATULATIONS ALL YOU WINNER'S

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THE LAST PAGE OF THIS ISSUE.

CHECK AND SEE.

YOU MAY BE A WINNER.

COUNTING DAYS

MY CALENDER AN X-FILLED LANDSCAPE.
I CANNOT SEE THE END-
ONLY THE WAITING- GOING INTO NOTHING.
LONG SILENCES.
THANK YOU IN THE DARK.
I STARE.
WHAT ARE YOU THINKING ABOUT.
NOTHING,
ALWAYS THE SAME.
TWO HEADS TOUCHING CLOSE
TOO BORED TO CARE.
WAITING.
COUNTING THE DAYS.

_PAUL HAWKINS-

TRILOGY I

Dawn

Endless beginning to the eternal end

Dawn

Can man understand

And not comprhend

Dawn?

r. Leclercq

VIOLENT SURGES OF POWER

Violent surges of power
intense motions
fill my body,
leaving it unmasked
and unafraid.
We are beautiful together.

Asking for life-
arms outstreched,
the sun answers,
pouring warmth like sweet molasses into our hearts,
shining gladness
on our laughter;
bringing light into our minds.

Asking for love
from each other,
gladly we give.
we share ourselves
unleashing emotions,
untying bonds of practicality,
opening wide our souls
to allow our love to flow freely
in the rushing of a rapid
or the still of a pool.

Clean, clear and cool
waiting in silent anticipation
for what soon will fill
its stagnant existence.
with wonders beyond imagination or reach

eyes are filled
with the unexplainable
from our lifetime of growing wisdoms
sometimes
we keep our secrets in our sighs.
silent surprises
hide among shades of understanding.
somethings
are better left unsaid.

hearts beat
now slower, now faster
in the ever-changing tempo
of love's fury
and its calm.
I tremble
at your touch.
Your every movement
an unreplaceable joy,
bursting spangles of colors
in multitudes of brilliance
across my vista.

Wallowing in the softness of sweet awakenings
our new days begins.

LINDA BOHM

ENTRANCE UNTO THE OZONE

Kozmic Kolors explode behind the shuttered
doors of my mind,
Sparklers light up your entrance as you
knock upon my cauliflower brain.
You dress in blood-red, sharp horns on your head
Fire kisses yor feet, burning up my eyes
like projection screen flamed.
I can't see for the crystals which glisten
from your palm.

You dress in blood-red, sharp horns on your head.
Sharp needle point flashes as you reach
from the holster.
Your tenacles grasp my arm, and I
feel a high- =
You dress in blood-red, sharp horns on your head.

-Janie Herman-

Swinging from the Heels

Even if I would,
I could not
Show you the inside of my soul
You would miss
All the proper cues

-Marie Hicks-

EXPERIENCE

I did everything right the second time
Avoiding all the first-time errors.
It's just that EVERYTHING is different the second time,
Even the errors.

-Marie Hicks-

When I look at you
I feel waves of emotion
enfolding my entire body
in their whirlpools of force.
A stirring of awareness
and fiery desire.

Moonlight shines
through your window
leaving you silhouetted
in hazy shadows.
I touch you
in gentle beauty
lightly,
so not to hurt.
When I kiss you
we converse
Our lips speaking
silent words
with echoed meanings.
We are growing,
opening ourselves,
and sharing
in ways we dare to understand.
We know so little.
eager to know more.

I reach for you
and you reach back.
I close my eyes
and see you.
Lonely nights are non-existant
in your arms.

entwined, yet apart.
different, yet one.

-Linda Bohm-

CAGES

Gaudy chipped paint cages
Tarnished, rusted
Cracked torn leather with fluffs of dirty white
Locked with iron bars
Spinning, rocking, flashing
With neon radiance
Is this the ride?

Suddenly swaying
With dropped breath
I leave the lofty perch of excitement
No more to feel the wind
No more to see the course
All memories left behind
Plummeting to reality

Six, seven, eight, red yellow, green
Planning, anticipating
Circling ever faster
Watching the following overtake
With great speed
Seeing the eager faces
Flushed with heart-pumping thrills
I leave the rocky steps
Wondering where I missed the revolutions.

Jacque Bebar

TO CHRISTOPHER

First born,

I grow within you.

Straining to transfuse your veins

With cells of my mind.

Lovingly capturing every nuance

On magical strips of celluoid.

Preserving your formation

In my memories.

Laughing,

Crying,

Searching

For some secret

To spare a unique creation

The uncertainty of error.

Jacque Bebar

To Be Hurt

To be hurt
is
in a small way
to die

And to hurt
is
in the same way
to kill

-R. Leclercq

WRITING COMES EASY TO SOME

WRITING COMES EASY TO SOME:
THEY CAN SEE THAT ALL LIGHT COMES FROM DARKNESS.
THEY CAN SEE WELL TRAVELED, WELL WORN ROADS.
THEY CAN SEE A TREE BUD.
THEY CAN SEE DUST IN SUNLIT ROOMS.
THEY CAN SEE.

WRITING COMES EASY TO SOME:
THEY CAN HEAR MUSIC AND SEE MOUNTAINS AND VALLEYS
FLOODED WITH SMALL WHITE BLOOMS.
THEY CAN HEAR THE MADWOMAN SCREAM TEARS OF HOW CRAZY THE WORLD IS.
THEY CAN OPEN MINDS AND DOORS THAT HAVE LONG SINCE RUSTED WITHOUT A KEY.

AND HERE SIT I...HOW WRITING COMES EASY TO SOME
BUT ME...I SIT TREMBLING LIKE THE DIAMOND CUTTER"S HAND
WHICH CAREFULLY, SELECTIVELY
TAKES CHIPS OFF A GREY-FISTED ROCK AND CARVES FACETS
INTO A CAREFULLY MOLDED, PURE, CLEAR, CARBON GEM.
AND LIKE THE DIAMOND CUTTER WHEN HIS JOB IS DONE...
I SIT BACK IN AWE.

-PAUL HAWKINS-

A ROSE

There's nothing in the world that's able to top a rose.
One dew-kissed yellow rose.
The infinite beauty that never fades.

Roses and people are quite alike.
They bloom, they age, they die.
They're gorgeous, meek, wild and passionate.
They hurt you, they make you smile, cry and wonder.
They come into your life all bright, gleaming, young,
and go out old, faded and aged.

There is one thing like a rose.
Civilization: people.

-Barb Bush-

TUNDRA TRAGEDY

by Mike Adams

The northeast wind blew crisply over the Bering Sea, creating small puffs of white foam, as waves raced to catch one another in what appeared to be the beginning of a typical Thursday morning at Cold Bay, Alaska. Members of the one hundred man force assigned to operate and maintain the Air Force Radar site in the barren subarctic tundra country of Alaska, we seldom experienced the luxury called excitement.

The highlight of this Thursday morning would be a trip to the village of Cold Bay (population fifty) to greet the twin engine prop plane arriving from Anchorage to deliver mail. Along with the expected mail that day, we received an unusual surprise, a passenger.

A slender man carrying a large black camera case exited the plane, shadowing his eyes from the heatless glaring sun as the wind whipped the fur collar of his coat unmercifully against his cheek.

There being nothing stranger in Cold Bay than a stranger in Cold Bay, I was intrigued and puzzled.

I learned that he was Robert Reeves, a twenty-seven year old professional photographer from New York City, out to photograph the many bears inhabiting the snow-covered mountains in the area. As I was loading his equipment and baggage in the mail truck, it seemed that he was an amateur outdoorsman. Judging from the bulk of his supplies, I would have thought it was for a party of three instead of one.

Upon returning to the Radar Site, I introduced Mr. Reeves to the Site Commander and eavesdropped as he described his plans. He was to set out immediately for a stream which lay in a valley among the slopes of Frosty Peak, which had the most abundant bear population in the area. There he would camp for two nights returning Saturday afternoon, hopefully with a number of good photographs.

I can recall how I wished I could accompany him, but strictly enforced Air Force regulation prohibited me from camping anywhere other than my dormitory.

At about 11:30 a.m., Mr. Reeves left the site fully loaded with back pack, pup tent, food supplies, camera equipment, and a list of items I was sure a New York sporting goods salesman insisted he would need.

Three days passed, and at Sunday morning breakfast, I had almost forgotten about Mr. Reeves and his picture-taking expedition until someone mentioned him. He had been scheduled to return Saturday afternoon; however, no one had seen or heard from him.

Was he having good luck and decided to spend another day, or could he possibl be in danger? The Commander must have been asking himself the same questions when he asked the Geological Survey team visiting the site to fly over in their helicopter and check on him. I was granted permission to go out with them since I had general idea of his location.

Standing outside the building waiti for the pilot to pre-flight the aircraft, I can recall my senses were very alert. The temperature was a mere forty-eight degrees in spite of a brilliant sun that hung in the sky like a frozen ball or radiant energy. The ever-present winds were blowing chilled air inland across the Sea, allowing the parade of sea gulls to float gracefully like a squadron of glider planes. In the distance, the jagged white caps of Frosty Peak were in sharp contrast to the rich blue sky and the low lying hills of spongy tundra grass struggling to turn green amid the unpredictable weather conditions. While I gazed over the rather tranquil surroundings, it was inconceivable to think that nature was hard at work creating, destroying, changing and modifying.

Within minutes we had boarded the chopper. Ascending noisily above the buildings of the site, I saw what appear to be the entire world unfolding below us. The valleys of the tundra became a softly wrinkled felt carpet which occasionally sagged deeply to form lakes and ponds.

As we directed ourselves toward Frosty Peak, its size and ruggedness became frightful. I compared the power and strength of one man waged against the natural might of our planet and realized how infinitely weak we really are.

We located the stream which Mr. Reeves had chosen for his camp site, and began following it toward the heart of the bear country. Finally in the distance, we spotted the bright orange color of his tent; I can remember feeli somewhat relieved at having located him.

The tent grew larger in size as we neared, and it became apparent that the camp site was disarranged as though Mr. Reeves was preparing to pack up and leave. Less than one-quarter mile from the camp, we also saw what appeare to be a large brown bear. Closing in on the area, we could see that the bear was hunched over, obviously eating something; however, no sighting had been made of Mr. Reeves. Every man pressed close to the glass as a silent chill spread through the chopper. Each of us was trying to get a better view to dispel our gruesome thoughts.

We circled twice, hoping Mr. Reeves would pop out from some hiding place where he was secretly photographing the lunching bear, but no luck. The only alternative was to land and look for him. As the pilot slowly lowered the helicopter on a near-by level area, the dreadful silence remained within the cabin. No one had mentioned the obvious possibility that the bear was hunched over the body of Mr. Reeves.

I remained silently withdrawn in a state of fear as the ranking man in our party displayed his clear thinking as he drew his rifle from the rack behind the seat. He lowered the scope on the bear, who was still intent on eating, unaware of our distant presence. The three consecutive shots which followed only added to the intense ringing inside my head as I watched the bear drop limply to the ground.

Leaving the chopper, I'm sure we looked like mechanical men. Ignoring our feelings and emotions, we walked as if motivated by some pre-programmed mechanism. I thought of how unfair it all seems for man to intervene and throw the weight of his weapons and knowledge against the scale of nature. The bear lay collapsed in a ball of fur, which only moments before had been a healthy animal trying to survive.

Acting under the imaginary influence of some master computer, we reached out to pull the bear away. His still warm flesh and fur felt strange to my hand. As it rolled away, we were all shocked by the appalling sight of a badly mangled skull centered in a heap of human flesh and bones. The remains of young Robert Reeves lay savagely tangled and torn on a darkened patch of blood-saturated soil.

I choked on my own saliva and tried to hold back a scream pushing to escape my lungs. A one hundred sixty pound man reduced to a mere forty pounds of flesh and bone lying in a hideously disguised position was enough to turn all of our heads.

I was forced to walk away when they severed the abdomen of the bear and found a gross amount of flesh and bones, not to mention a blood-colored man's tee shirt and a pack of Pall Mall cigarettes.

The radio plea for a medical evacuation team and the eventual removal of Mr. Reeves' remains all seem foggy and deep within the past. I can, however, vividly recall the close of what I would have to call the most brutal day of my life. As I lay in my bed in the dormitory trying to integrate the grotesque death of Mr. Reeves into my scheme of things, I concluded it was either man's curiousity for knowledge or man's greed that killed him. Finding myself unable to distinguish between the two and my body angrily protesting for rest, I drifted into a less than peaceful slumber.

One brief encounter
filled with many words of wisdom
has turned my soured outlook
into chimes in harmony.
Chimes that carry new found joys
on the baby's breath of morning
along paths of rosy beginnings
in an eye-opening of awareness.
In worlds of wonder
I was ending the exploration
to circle my life
around someone else.
I am walking up
from my hazy dream of long-term
contracts
but such a drastic change is a frightening
thing to live,
though wanted.
Thank you, my friend of long-time loving
I love you deeper than you know
your warmth and understanding
can only make it grow.

Linda Bohm

CORONATION OF A DREAM

The rainbow's end
The robin's song
A rock--ripples in a pond.

The silent quiet
Of a summer night,
Crickets voices make it bright.

The apple blossoms
The sound of spring
The way you help me with everything.

A gentle whisper
A goodbye kiss
A winter evening filled with bliss.

A ray of sunlight
A soft moonbeam
The coming true of a dream.

The church bell ringing
An altars end
Millions of seconds just for us to spend.

Barb Bush

"OF YOU"

As the prange sun disappears into an eternity of darkness,
The pink sky tarnishes the green, moist grass.
Pale moonlight steadily crosses before my still eyes,
Now, boy, I turn to you for shelter from the cold tide which
rushes before me.
Flying seabirds ponder moving to another world,
'til the silver starlight silently flashes among them in the
dark and unforseeable range of space.
This my love shall be then end of yet another day of wondering,
in a world of our own.

As the grey sun disappears into the eternity of darkness,
The once blue sky tarnishes the brown, dry grass.
Colourless moonlight sadly dies before my lonely eyes.
Flocking seabirds which once longed for shelter from the cool,
breezy winds of night.
Settle into the infinity of sorrow.
The cold tide which now whispers before me
Steadily beckons itself through myriads of sand.
For they have seen the last fleeing presence
Of you.

-Barb Bush-

Requiem

oh, silver boy,
Will you play your sad refrain?
And if you do
Can I sing along?

I knew you couldn't stay.

-Bonnie Sayko-

Wasted Tribute

I am tired of being the philosopher
so serious with talk of life.
I want
to have fun for a change
and there you walked
into my path and everything
appeared with a new vitality.
Stealing glances, coy, trying not to frighten you
away,
trying not to be too conspicious,
too subtle.
Testing each other on attitudes
and laughing....
Laughing, oh, God, how we laughed.
We sat there and wondered why
on a rain stained night.
Why? still rings in my ears.

Hawkins

Dignified dentures

Clickety, Clackety,
President Washington
Chewed with wood dentures in
order to eat.

Unlike Ewell Gibbons, he
Never eats pinetrees, though
Incontrovertibly
Pines to eat meat.

Sharon Marizza

A SCRAP OF PAPER

A scrap of paper floats lazily down a mountainside, buffeted by a breeze; it darts here then there, always falling, softly falling, until it falls upon a road. It is a dirt road, now rutted and hard from months wihtout rain.

In time a traveler appears. He is a king from a distant land who is searching for a far away light. His carriage passes by and in the breeze the paper is blown into the carriage. There it remains as the traveler moves over mountain trails and open plains, through snow - covered passes and murky swamps, and over small streams and wide rivers.

In a village square the carriage stops, the traveler dismounts and the paper is swept away by a new wind. It is blown around streets, down alleys, through buildings and over bridges. It is blown past shepherds, merchants, thieves and artists, past animals, slaves, kings and lovers, until it reaches a small barn behind a tavern. In the barn lies a woman, holding her newborn son. Her husband kneels beside her and, on catching sight of the paper, reaches to grasp it. It is a charred piece of a newspaper headline, published centuries before:

PEACE MISSION FAILS
WHAT NOW ???

The woman asks, "What is it Joseph?" The man turns to her and in a broken voice replies, "Nothing Mary, just a reminder."

-BILL HENRY-

NIGHT OF THE GREEN BALL

I'm not a writer, but I experienced something that I feel must be told. I'll try and do the best I can, so bear with me please.

I was driving home from rehearsing with my group in Romeoville. My beat up Volkswagon was bouncing over the weather-beaten back roads between Romeoville and Cresthill, two typical suburban communities of the seventies.

The once green farmer's acres were now barren and the moonless sky was twinkling with a million far off stars. The autumn air kept me wide awake as I drove those familiar back roads home. I made a mental note to get the vent window replaced before winter, or I'd be driving with frosted fingers when the snow started falling. It was too dark to see my watch, so I began to figure out the time. Let's see, I left Jim's at one-thirty and it takes twenty minutes to get home, so it must be about one-forty five. Another stop sign; no one coming, I'll just slow down.

Then, I almost drove off the road, seeing but not believing. I stopped the car and watched. A green ball of light was falling from the distant sky. As it fell, it left a trail of red, yellow and orange light above it. I blinked my eyes, not really wanting to see it. But it was still there. By now it was only fifty feet above the ground and not more then a hundred yards away, over a cornfield. I expected to see a meteor or something crash into the earth. But to my surprise as suddenly as it hadappeared, it stopped, hovering just a few feet above the ground, glowing green with what seemed to be an eternal light. It was sort of squashed-ball shaped, with some kind of aerial on the top side of it.

I wanted to drive off and forget what I had witnessed, but my curiosity got the best of me. I said a mental goodbye to loved ones and friends, and got out of my car, and started walking toward it. It was bigger than I had thought at first. About as long as a jumbo jet and almost as high. I feare it might be radio-active, but what the heck, if they had come to take over the planet, It probably wouldn't make any difference anyway. When I was about thirty feet away from it, I noticed an electronic hum and the air around me seemed to vibrate.

I bent down and picked up a dried out corn stalk as a probe. Slowly I walked up to the green ball towering above me. I looked back at my car, hoping someone else would come by, but most people were sound asleep that Sunday night, getting stoked-up for Blue Monday. I was shaking with fear, but I was the only one there so I felt I must observe and remember in case I lived through it. Slowly I started to circle it, looking for anything, something. There were no seams or rivets or screws or anything. It must have been made from one piece of something. Getting my courage(and my adrenalin up) I prodded at the green ball with the corn stalk. I laughed to myself as I did it, thinking that if a being from another planet was observing me he sure would get a funny picture of human beings from this long-haired cornstalk- holder poking at his vehicle. But that thought was soon gone as I watched

the corn stalk penetrate the surface about five inches before it bent.

In fear I withdrew it and saw there was no apparent change. I touched the stalk to the ground and nothing happened. I did it again trying to see what it was hitting under the surface of the ball. I wondered if it would stick again if I let it go, but it just dropped to the ground. I continued circling and noticed that the glowing was diminishing. Then a door or panel began to open. I backed up about twenty feet, --fast. A bright blue light shone from the opening, which became a ramp from the object to the ground at about forty-five degrees. I waited for someone to appear but nothing happened. I walked closer and looked up inside the door opening. It looked like a computer room from a science fiction movie. That thought seemed funny to me and I relaxed a little bit, trying to overcome my fear. I threw a lump of dirt at the ramp. The clod hit and bounced off. I mustered all my courage and started to walk up the ramp.

It felt sort of spongy, not mt metallic at all. Interesting, I thought. I enterd the ball and noticed the temperature was quite a bit warmer than the outside air. My eyes were everywhere at once. I didn't see any other beings of any kind. I was fascinated by all the colored buttons and gauges and things all around me. I studied one panel of gauges and noticed that the gauges were nothing like I'd ever seen. I guess they were closest to Oriental writing, but I didn't comprehend them all. Little clicking and humming sounds were all around me. I walked around the unit that almost filled the chamber I was in. I figured there must be other chambers as the one I was in was much smaller than the entire ship. I found a door in one wall of the room but I didn't know how to open it. I ran my hand around the perimeter and found an indentation which activated the sliding door. Musical tones played as the door slide open. A long inclined corridor was on the other side. As I stepped through I made sure I knew where the opening mechanism was, not wanting to be trapped. The door stayed open.

A smell came from the corridor then disappeared. It was sort of a sweet, plastic smell. The blue light seemed to come from the material in the ceilings. At the end of the inclined corridor was another sliding door. I found the depression, and the musical tones again sounded. The door opened and sweet plastic smell once again filled my nostrils. Then the smell was gone. The room seemed rather bare compared to the first room, but there was a large TV type screen on one wall, and some square boxes set in a semicircle facing it. Nothing was loose, nothing caught my eye in particular except the large screen and a red button next to it. I pushed the button and stepped back as the screen filled with a flash of light. It was a movie of outer space.

As I watched I saw a planet appear and then disappear as the movie continued, then another planet came into view. It looked like Saturn, then it was gone, and then another. Then Earth came into view and it became bigger and bigger till it filled the screen and then the camera seemed to zoom in on the United States and the Midwest with the Great Lakes getting closer and closer, then a rush of scenes as the cornfields I was in came into view. The movie stopped.

I was a little dizzy from watching the apparent landing of the vehicle so I sat down on one of the blocks. As I sat I noticed that the block looked hard but was soft to sit on. Then the screen lit up again and a shape appeared. It seemed to be out of focus but it didn't change. Then I was startled as a voice boomed out from the screen. I'll never forget the words, if that's what they were. "Berup Bubt Nee But." Then images seemed to fill the screen, kind of like abstract thinking in pictures. As I watched I felt,more than saw, Chair...Observe...Watch... Learn. What was I going to learn I wondered, as I studied the screen. My eyes were glued to the flashing images as if I were hypnotized. Then I felt a feeling of relaxing and continued watching. I couldn't comprehend everything I saw, but I was getting some of the messages.

The ship had come from a far off galaxy after picking up our radio signals and had just homed in on them. They were far advanced from our planet as they didn't use any words to communicate, only thoughts, a as near as I could understand. Then I felt,as I watched, they wanted me to remain in the vehicle and return to their planet. I panicked, not knowing what to do.

I jumped up and ran for the door. It had closed but I slammed my hand against the opening device. The musical tones played and I ran down the corridor pushing the recessed portion to open the next door again.

The music. Again the door opened, and I ran to where the ramp was. Finding it, I looked around for a button or something to push. They all looked the same and I was becoming more scared by the minute. I started pushing buttons and praying. The room filled with whirring noises and clicks and I was almost in tears. Then I pushed a green triangular button and the ramp opened. I ran down and out of the blue lit room into the night air.

The ramp raised again and the green glow increased in intensity. I got back to my car, then looked back, and saw the green ball rise like a yo-yo snapped back to the owner's hand. Up it shot like a missle without flames, or afterburn, or sound. I watched it until it disappeared .

It was now two-fifteen and I noticed how very cold I was. As I started my car and turned on the lights, I wondered if I should go to the police and tell them what had just happened. I wondered if they would think I was some kind of a nut, or burned out on L.S.D. As I pulled back on the road and drove off. I decided that even if they did believe me, they would put me through all kinds of tests and ask for proof, which I didn't have. Could I tell my friends or my family? Who would believe? They'd probably think I was putting them on. As I pulled up to my parking place, I thought about the corn stalk I had left in the viewing room. What would the aliens think of it? Would they know what it was or even care? Would they believe? At least they had proof: one American-grown corn stalk. Not much, but more than I have.

Can you believe my "Night of the Green Ball?"

-Clyde Massaro-

RELAX, SHOP AND TALK AWHILE

On the edge of Coal City is an antiquated building, dating back to the 1800's that was first a post office, then a tavern, and finally in 1926 became Griglione's Grocery. It was owned and operated then by a young Italian immigrant couple and now by their children. It has been business as usual at Griglione's for the past forty-eight years with the addition of only a few coolers, a refrigerated meat case, and two small freezers.

In 1926, the neighborhood grocery store was not uncommon. The shopkeepers dispensed their national and ethnic specialities with great pride and painstaking care. Today's large supermarkets are efficient and well arranged but totally devoid of personality. What this quaint little shop lacks in size and selection it abundantly supplies in charm and personalized attention.

A mental adjustment must be made before you enter the door to this unique little shop. The helter-skelter hurry-up pace of modern day living must be left on the stoop. You leave today and enter yesterday simply by crossing their threshold. As determined as you might be to grab a cart, rush down their single aisle, drop a few needed items into your cart, check out and make a quick exit; forget it for it just won't work. That aisle is far too narrow for rushing even for their small carts. You may be in a hurry but the Griglione's never will be. They've long since learned that life is much too short to go bounding through it.

The fruit and vegetable department is small but ample and ably attended by Margaret, the eldest. The produce man is sternly admonished to leave only those bananas which are "on the turn", apples are polished and potatoes are selected individually and with as much care as a jeweler grading his diamonds. The garlic and onions are pearls of perfection.

The smells coming from the ki kitchen are distinctly Italian. Margaret and Emile's home is connected to the back of the store. Subliminal advertising may have been outlawed in movies but Margaret has refined it to an art. It never fails to make me hungry and when I'm hungry I buy- buy-buy.

I look forward to my stop at the butcher's counter where Joe reigns supreme. His pork chops are trimmed so beautifully that it makes the parent pig proud to be a donor. These delicious tidbits are unsurpassed, only equalled by his sirloin tips and that exquisite homemade-Italian-sweet sausage. Chickens are cut-up by hand, to customer specifications, with or without the numpsy-noodle.

Joe dispenses his own brand of philosophy at every opportunity. No matter how long the customer line becomes, Joe always finds time to talk, and talk well, on a variety of subjects. The effects current politics and economics have on each

other, foreign trade, weather here and abroad, child rearing and world travel are but a few of the likely topics. How many supermarkets offer consciousness raising as part of their stock and trade?

Younger brother, Emile, now 52 years old is the store's supersalesman; reminding each customer of his special price list for the weekend. I sometimes think that he makes it up as he goes along, attempting to include my favorite cheese, another's favorite bread and everybody's necessity, eggs. The personal touch is extended to each customer by every family member of this little business.

When you have some spare time and would like to get away from the hustle and bustle of today's world, enter the yesterday of Griglione's Grocery and relax, shop and talk awhile.

-Sharon Marizza-

PEANUT BUTTER SANDWHICHES

Four years ago I accompanied my friend to Great Lakes Naval Hospital where her husband was a patient. Jim had volunteered to serve in the Seabees just six months before, despite his age of thirty-three. He had served in this same capacity for four years during the Korean War and knew his country could use his experience and talents in the operation of heavy-construction equipment. DiAnn and Jim had been married for 15 years and had two teenage children.

The Seabees were building a bridge over some forgotten river in the South Vietnemese jungle. One day, just as a truck arrived to pick them up and return them to camp, Jim and three of his buddies were fired upon by the Arvan. One of the others received a shoulder and Jim was hit twice in the lower back. The driver must have thought that everyone was aboard because he lost no time in getting away fast. One sailor was left behind.

It was over four hours before help came. Temporarily paralyzed from the blow to his spine, Jim was unable to even crawl out of the mud in which he lay. After the white-hot pain of the initial impact, numbness set in and he could feel nothing. At last, the blessed relief of unconsciousness intervened.

When Jim awoke, he was in the post-operative tent. The authorities informed him that he was going home. He would be in Great Lakes Naval Hospital tomorrow. That was only 60 miles from Coal City. All worry about the additional surgeries that he needed went out the window. He was going home. Somehow everything else seemed less important.

There were 114 beds in this one ward. They all had occupants; none were empty. Save Jim, all were between the ages of 17 and 23. There were good-natured references to the "Old Man with the ass injury" or "Hey, Pop, they got you going away, huh?" There existed a bond, a camaraderie among these men much deeper than the ties of ordinary friendship. Their hurt, their hardship, their agonizing loss had drawn them together in mutual suffering. Abnormalcy was the norm in this isolated enviorment. The courage to laugh at problems was easier here, for everybody had them. What would that outside world with its myriad demands do to this courage?

Jim introduced DiAnn and me to those in the surrounding beds. Stan, whose physical injuries were minimal, could no longer hold a pencil still long enough to write his own name. At night he slept curled in the fetal position, calling out "Mommy, Mommy."

Don, who was both blind and a double amputee, had been married only a month before he shipped out. His wife was pregnant. What type of future could he provide for his family?

Kelly was unconscious. Only 21 hours before he was still in Viet Nam. He had stepped on a mine and now was missing a leg, an arm, and most of his face.

The others had faces, but still remain nameless. Their problems were all the same- monumental.

No sexy mini-skirted nurses here. The needs of those patients were expertly attended to by a pink-cheeked young corpsmen with all the tenderness of a mother's touch. They came around with snack carts while we were there. The treats were generous and varied. They had their choice of beer, pretzels, chips of assorted shapes and sizes, popcorn, soda pop, milk-shakes, cigarettes or ice-cream. But the most common request was for a peanut butter sandwhich and a glass of milk. It hit me like a ton of bricks. These were mere boys, and they had been asked, no demanded, to do a man's job. And do it they did! My eyes were so full of tears I couldn't see.

I excused myself and went to the restroom. I would not allow myself to compromise their courage by giving vent to pity while in their presence. Once alone, I sobbed and cried for them and all those other youngsters who hadn't been lucky enough to make it even this far. Would man's inhumanity to man ever cease?

I had become too detached from the actual reality of war, worrying about the totality of world destruction in the event of an atomic reprisal. Could the world of any of these boys be destroyed more completely by another means?

As we rode the elevator down to the main floor, I offered up a silent prayer. Please, God, don't ever let this happen again.

-Sharon Marizza-

RAINBOWS

For years, our family doctor periodically placed me on a bland diet because of a stomach disorder. This particular menu was referred to as a "white" diet because of its lack of color. It consisted of cream of wheat, soft-boiled eggs, toast (white bread only), vanilla pudding, vanilla ice-cream, custard, milk, mashed potatoes and jello. I could describe it as dull, uninteresting and monotonous if I wished to remain polite. Eating was no longer a joy; it was a chore.

When you pass down a street, notice the buildings and houses. They all have a front, back and a roof overhead, but the similarities begin and end with that. Some have more than one story, others are flat. Some are square, some are long, some are new and some are old. There are more varities in between than I could begin to describe. The furnishings and the people inside are just as varied. This is as it should be, the natural order of things.

If everything in life, food, houses, people, music, art and weather, were absolutely the same, how long would it be before you were bored with the whole thing? There have to be differences, unique qualities, individuality in life in order for it to be interesting and worthwhile. By this, I don't suggest that we should not try to better ourselves, only that each of us has a different goals and and desires, likes and dislikes.

God gave us a rainbow as a sign of peace, but we don't see one every day. Usually after a storm or shower, we can find a rainbow and feel reassured. Every rainbow is different, unique, unusual, some being longer, some wider or more vivid than others. Yet, all possess those very same qualities that made them rainbows. They are all a single curved band, with no seeming beginning nor end, uniting every color in the spectrum.

Earth science tells us that in a spectrum, white is a mixture of all colors and that black is the absence of color. Without the rainbow, everything would, undoubtedly, be a rather dull gray. Each color is different and unique but they contrast highlight and complement each other. I wish people were more like rainbows in that respect.

<u>You</u> are black, <u>he</u> is brown, <u>she</u> is yellow and <u>I</u> am white. <u>We</u> are people. Each of us was manufactured the same way; we're just wrapped a little differently. <u>We</u> had no color choice, but <u>we</u> can choose to live together peaceably or die miserably alone. Fighting is still going on in the Middle East and there is usually unrest on the home front. There will never be any hope for world peace, United America, equality in education or brotherhood until we can relate to each other on a one to one basis with mutual respect and understanding. The seeds of hatred and prejudice find their way into each of our hearts but whether they grow or wither away depends upon how well they are nourished. They feed on fear, fear of the unknown.

A certain amount of risk is involved when we reach out, extend ourselves to touch other people. We become vulnerable in equal proportions to our receptivity, for we can be rewarded by a handshake or a slap in the face. Is it fear of being hurt that makes us turn inwardly into ourselves through drugs and alcohol or is it a self-administered overdose of indifference? A closed door never shuts out the world, whether it is on our homes or in our minds. We either learn to master our fears or our fears soon learn to master us.

It would be easier to pass the buck to our children for them to solve the seemingly unsolvable, so that we adults can eternally damn each other for our misfortunes. The blacks can continue to blame their social position on the whites, the whites can continue to resist black

progress in social reform, and the browns and yellows can sit back and bemoan the fact that both black and white have ignored their plight. But, just remember, the buck stops here with a minority of one and that one is you!

Sharon Marizza

VENGENCE

The opening scene has been cut Pete and Pam are collegiate roomates at an urban university. Pam has to finish a term paper before joining her bedfellow.

Pete: Get to work, Passion. I can't wait all night.

Pam: Okay, I'm going. (She throws her towel turban on a bean bag, crosses to a desk and sits, flicking on the desk lamp.) Ahhh, Renoir, suppressor of our love - your presence beckons. Ugh!

Pete: (Crossing to the patio and looking out.) Do you want these doors closed, babe?

Pam: No! The TV weather man said, continued hot. Let's take advantage of the evening breeze. I'll close them later. (She continues to write, then turns to look at Pete, who's still standing at the door.) What are you going to do? I probably won't be done here for 45 minutes or so.

Pete: (Turning around and stretching) Oh, I think I'll get something to eat and then take a shower. Then maybe I'll read a good dirty book till you get yourself up to join me. (He makes a circle with his finger and goes in to the kitchen, leaving the door open. Pam returns to work.)

(The phone rings)

Pam: I'll get it! (She goes to the phone quickly) Hello.....Oh, hi, Jean.....I.....!! I was just starting....Well, sure you can borrow the book, but I won't be done for about 45 minutes.....Okay, tell you what; you come over here at 11:30. If you're not here by midnight I'll set it in the hall by the door. Okay?..... Okay! See you later, if you're on time...(she laughs)...Yea okay, bye! (Taps phone with her finger nails after she hangs it up smiling and then calls out) That was Jean, she's coming over around 12 o'clock to borrow my book.

Pete: (Comes back in the room eating a sandwhich) Midnight! Hey c'mon, babe, have mercy!

Pam: (Going back to desk gives Pete a shrugging offhand gesture) Oh, don't worry! I said I'd leave it in the hallway if we were in bed. (Looking back and winking) See how thoughtful I am? (They exchange fond smiles) Now why don't you get upstairs so I can get this written....Hey, tho, before you go..how about another album or two - music to research by or something! (She sits and starts writing and studying)

Pete: (Goes over to records, soul selects and puts them on. He then goes over to Pam and kisses her ear) See you soon, hey?

Pam: (She nods yes and adds distractedly) Take the towel up for me will you?

Pete: (Jokingly) That'll cost you... so I'll gladly do it. (He goes over and retrieves the towel, tosses it over his shoulder and heads up the stairs) Don't be long,...and don't forget to put that damn book out when you come up.

(Pete disappears up stairs and Pam continues to read and write. After a few minutes, she gets up, goes by the table takes a sip of wine and a cracker, then goes to the bookcase. She thumbs thru a book, appearing to look for something then puts it back on the shelf and starts back to the desk. She stops and turns the music up a bit, then goes to the desk and sits down to work. A couple minutes later, two men enter the room quietly, from the patio. Pam does not hear them or notice anything.

Ronnie is white. He's wearing jeans and a blue jacket shirt, partially unbuttoned, with what appear to be boots. He has long brown hair and a mustache. He's wearing gloves and is carrying a gun in his right hand. He gestures to the other man, a black, to check the kitchen, which he does, as Ronnie crouches behind the far couch. Serge, is also wearing jeans and a tank top. His hair is natural but not Afro. He has a long chain with a medallion around his neck. He wears tennis shoes and no socks. He returns from the kitchen leaving the door ajar and signals that there is no one there.

Making no sound, Ronnie gestures for Serge to grab Pam while he, Ronnie, watches the stairs with the gun. He moves slowly to a point near the phone

table where he can watch up the stairs. Serge moves quietly up behind Pam. T Then he grabs her by placing a hand over her mouth and the other around her, dragging her up from the chair. Pam struggles but he manages to pin both her arms.

Serge: (Coldly and quietly) Cool it, baby, or your boyfriend's dead. (Pam's eyes grow huge but her struggling slows. He pulls her across the room to the nearest couch) Now I'm going to sit you down right here. Don't try to scream. My buddy over there has a gun and he'd like nothing better then to shoot this place and you full of holes. Be quiet and you don't get hurt. (He releases her slowly but remains ready to quiet her if she tries anything.)

Pam: (Gasping) Who are you? What do you want? What have you done with Pete? (her voice quavers) My God...don't kill us. Take whatever you want - anything - but don't hurt us.. ..Where's Pete? (She starts to sob)

Serge: (Slapping Pam across the face) I told you to be quiet.

Ronnie: (In an ordering tone) Okay, Serge, leave her and get the others. The boyfriend's here must be upstairs. I think I hear the shower running. He could come down any second. (Serge goes over and exits by the patio door) Now then, Miss Harmon, you and me'll just sit here and wait. (He goes over to Pam, points the gun at her head) Nice lookin outfit you got on there, Miss Harmon, betcha lover boy likes that doesn't he! (Pam remembers what she's wearing for the first time and raises her hands as if to cover herself more.) How is he? Take care of you pretty good, can he? (Laughing, he looks all over her, then walks behind her placing the gun against her head with his right hand while he strokes her hair with his left - leaning over) Bet you two were all set to have a little action tonight, huh? T That right, dollie? Old Pete upstairs waiting for you is he? We'd sure hate to spoil your fun - maybe when old Pete gets down here, you can show us what you had planned. (He laughs dirtily again) How's about that, baby?

Pam: (her face is terrified and she gasps) No! (She tries to move, but he grabs her hair and pulls her head back hard, the gun pressing into her neck flesh now)

Ronnie: (In a snarling hise) I told you, baby - SIT STILL!

(Serge reenters the room. A white woman and another black man are with him. Ming is dressed in a low cut pair of slacks with a halter top. She's wearing sandles and her brown hair is short and straggly looking. Shw has a large cloth purse or satchel slung from one shoulder. Ash, the other other man has dark glasses, despite the hour, a tee shirt, baggy green utility type pants, heavy shoes. He also has a beard. A gun is in his waistband.)

Ronnie: (Pulling the gun up and gesturing with it as he issues orders) It's about time! Keep an eye on that door, Serge. (Serge moves back and checks the patio without going out) Ming, get the tape and get your butt over here and tape the broad's arms behind her back. And put a good big piece over her sniveling mouth.

Pam: (Crying) Please, I won't scream - just tell me what you want from us.

Ronnie: You'll find out soon, baby, Get that tape on her, Ming, and hurry it up.

(Ming goes about taping Pam's mouth, then her arms, with the help of the second man Ash who has moved to the couch with her.)

Ronnie: (Looking at Serge, he orders as he moves over to him.) Close those doors now, and let's go get lover boy and bring him to the party. (Ronnie moves over to the stairs. Serge closes the doors after looking around outside again quickly. He latches them and draws the curtains closed over the glass then turns.)

Serge: Now what Ron?

Ronnie: (Gesturing upstairs with his gun) Now we get Lover Boy. He's probably up in bed now waiting for his jollies with the broad. Well, let's see how he likes us instead. (He chuckles and Serge laughs. They go up the steps, Ronnie with the gun drawn. Pam struggles on the couch. Ash shoves her down. Ming who'd

been putting the stuff back into her purse goes over to the couch. She takes a [illegible] and puts it all in her mouth. She drains the wine out of the glass, and then sits down. Ash walks over and grabs the glass from her. He wipes it off with his shirt.

Ash: Dumb broad! Want to leave prints all over the place? (Apparently not satisfied with wiping it, he takes it over by the stero where suddenly he puts it on the floor and steps on it and grinds it into the carpeting. From above comes the sound of a struggle. Ash turns and looks upward touching his gun.)

Ronnie: (From upstairs) Watch it, lover boy! (Something falls above. Ash shrugs and goes over to Ming.)

Ash: (Sitting) Got a rag in that duffle, dummy? (Ming rummages through and produces a knife wrapped in a rag. She gives Ash the rag and places the knife back in the bag. Ash puts the rag around the wine bottle and lifts it up and drinks from the bottle.) Not bad stuff - want another swig, dummy? (His voice is contemptuous. Ming nods yes. Ash looks at her, laughs snidely and puts the bottle to her mouth. He tilts it up and she drinks, but he's pouring it so that it runs down her face. She gags and tries to push it away, but he keeps laughing and pouring.) Drink up, Ming, Baby, drink up. (Finally he takes the bottle down. Ming tries to get up. He smacks her down then steps on her belly, the classic conqueror. He takes another draw from the bottle. What's the matter Ming, Ming, can't hold your liquor anymore? (He laughs again pours some wine down her belly. The other two come down the steps. Ronnie is in front. Serge is shoving Pete along. Pete is in short pajama bottoms. His face is bloody and he's holding his stomach.

Ronnie. (Coldly) Leave her alone, Ash, before you're sorry!

Ash: Just havin a little fun to pass the time - don't get so damned hot, Ron. Little dummy put her prints all over the glass. She needs to be taught a lesson. (He releases her and she goes after him with her nails. He socks her in the stomach and she falls back grimmacing.)

Ronnie. (Angrily). I said knock it off-both of you. We got a job to do here. You two can work your crap off later. (He walks over behind right couch.) Serge, put lover boy over here with his girlfriend. Ming get your tape out. (Ming pulls he herself up and starts looking in her purse. Ash drinks some more wine and grabs a cracker.)

Pete: You'll never get away with this you bastards.....Pam, honey, are you okay? (He reaches down to help her up from where she'd been lying. Serge shoves him backward onto the couch.)

Serge: Hands off the broad for now, Petey boy. That purple nightie looks good to me too , but we got no time for goodies now.

Pete: (Starts to rise and grab at Serge) Shut your filthy mouth you worthless...(Ronnie's gun butt smacks the back of Pete's head and he slumps between the couch and the table. Ash moves over between couch and .. T.V.)

Ronnie: Now get him taped before he comes to. (Serge wipes a trickle of blood from his nose-gives the prone body a kick and then helps Ming tape him. They leave him on the floor. Pam struggles to pull herself up so she can see or help Pete, but Ash shoves her back down. His hand brushes Ming who is at Pete's head. She turns and spits at him. He laughs then wipes his hand on her hair as she finishes taping. He comes back and grabs a handful of crackers.)

Ash: (With his mouth full) Okay, my man, we got em both, now whatta we do with em?

Serge: (raising up from taping Pete) I got an idea what wecould do with the broad, brother. How about it Ronnie - a little playtime? (He puts his hand on Pam's leg. The music stops on the record player. It's very quiet as Serge lears at Pam.)

Ronnie: Can't blame you, but we gotta get them out of here first. You can have your fun while we're waiting for the ransom. Maybe I'll even join you(He laughs coldly). Ming, did you

touch anything else besides that glass? (She shakes her head no) OK, but let's go back and double check and wipe anything we might have touched and then get out of here. (Motioning)Serge, check upstairs. Ash, you and Ming take down here. I'll try to revive Lover Boy so we don't have to carry him out of here. (he goes towards the kitchen) And no trouble from you two while you're alone. (Ash laughs and Ming glares at him) (They start around the room. Ming picks up a small novelty from the coffee table and puts it in her bag. She continues to look at her bag - then pulls a pair of gloves out and puts them on. Ash drains the wine decanter. Ming goes to the telephone table.)

Ash: Looks expensive(as he looks at wine decanter) Maybe this is an antique, Ming.(He laughs strangely, then turns and goes to the fireplace and cracks the bottle against the bricks. He steps on the broken fragments and fondles the jagged part he retains. Just then the doorbell rings. He pulls the glass to the ready, staring at the door. Ming, near the phone table, sets a braclet down that she was about to put in her bag, and stares at the door. Ronnie appears from the kitchen carrying a pan of water in one hand and his gun in the other. He sets the water down on the coffee table, signals them all to be quiet, goes to the door and, stands beside it listening. Serge appears on the steps. Ronnie motions him to watch the patio. Serge comes down and goes there quickly. The bell rings again. Ash stands near Pam's head with his jagged bottle.)

Jean: (Calling thru the door) Pam are you in there? It's me... ..Jean! (She knocks) (a pause, then) Pam, it's Jean..c'mon open up. ....I came for the book.

(Pam is struggling to move the couch. Ash takes the bottle and presses it against her chest. She lies back. There is another knock.....then silence)
(After a minute, Ronnie moves again to the center of the room and a all the kidnappers seem to relax.)

Ronnie: She's gone. She probably figured nobody was home. Now let's get these two out of here. (he picks up the pan of water and pours it over Pete who groans and starts to move.) C'mon lover boy - wake up - sleepy time is all over.

Serge: Hey, man, the cat probably has a lot of bread in his wallet. How abouts lettin me go back up and clean him out.

Ronnie: (Kneeling down slapping Pete's face). Yea, good, but hurry it up. That dame might come back and I want to be out of here. Ming, you go uo with him and check the broad's purse and jewelry. There might be something we could use. (They go upstairs) Ash, check out the patio - make sure there's nobody around. (Ash regretfully puts the jagged bottle down and heads for the doors. He opens them and slides out carefully as Ronnie drags Pete to his feet.) Okay, lover boy - over here - (he marches him towards stero behind couch. Pete stumbles and lurches forward. He has stepped in the glass that Ash had smashed on the floor.) I said, over there, boy! (Ron pulls him up and shoves him toward the fireplace. He sees the glass and laughs.) Oh, we cut our footsies did we - too bad - big strong lover boy : like you shouldn't mind a little glass in your feet tho. ...NOW...WALK YOU S.O.B, ! (Pete painfully goes to corner of fireplace and leans against it.)

Ash: (Reenters the room) It's all clear, my man...any time you're ready....

Ronnie: Get those two from upstairs a and we blow! (He jabs gun into Pete's side) (Ash takes the stairs two at a time. Pam has managed to sit on the couch again, and she kicks at the coffee table. The stuff falls on the floor as the table starts to overturn. The statue breaks as it falls.Ron reaches over and grabs her hair. He snarls...) You're asking for trouble,broad. You want to get out of here in one piece, or like that nude? (He gestures to the broken statue) You cool it NOW. (Pete starts to edge towards the broken glass bottle with his hands. The other 3 come down the stairs. Ming's satchel appears to be stuffed. Ash crosses to the fireplace.)

Ash: You try'in to reach this

bottle, Whitey? (He grabs the bottle and jabs it towards Pete's face) Here's the bottle, monkey..(And he slices it across Pete's bare chest leaving a bloody gash.)

Ronnie: (Really angry, knocks the bottle from Ash's hands) I said fun and games later. First we blow this dump! Serge, get the car and get it ready to roll. Open the gate and we'll dump our packages right in. You got 5 minutes. (Serge goes to the patio doors quickly) Ash, you take the girl and I'll take lover boy. Ming, you close those doors behind us. Nobody will miss the love birds till morning so we'll have a good headstart....Kill all the lights except the one on the desk. (Ming starts to do it, turning off the lights by the phone.)

(Just then there's a loud pounding on the door.)

Policeman: This is the police..Open Up! (More pounding) (Ron pulls Pete in front of him. Ash drops behind the couch beside Pam and rolls her off beside him. Ming drops to the floor by the phone table and starts to crawl behind the couch towards the patio.

Police: We know you're in there..... .OPEN UP!

(Just then, running is heard outside and someone yells...)

Police; Stop, or I'll shoot! (A shot rings out.)

Ronnie: (Pulls Pete to the door and looks out.) They must have gotten Serge...DAMMIT, we're TRAPPED!

Hall voice: We're coming in!

Ronnie: Hold it PIG! We got Miss Harmon and her boyfriend in here - any shooting and they get it first. Now...BACK OFF! We're comin out with them in front of us and nobody better try and stop us..or THEY'RE DEAD!

(Just then a teargas cannister bursts through the patio doors above Ronnie's head and gas fumes start erupting. Ronnie gets it full blast and drops his hold on Pete momentarily which allows Pete to break for the kitchen. Pete escapes thru and pushes the door shut behind him.)

Ronnie; God damn pigs! (Whirling and choking, Ronnie fires his gun out the patio doors. He tries to go after Pete but he can't get the door open and he's gasping for air.) DAMMIT... hang on to that girl, Ash... she's our only ticket out of here. Get her over here and we'll go out behind her. (Ming stands shakily between Ronnie and the table, coughing. There is more pounding on the door.) Back OFF PIGS!..I got a gun at the broad's head...I go and so does she. (Ash shoves the girl shead of him over beside Ronnie

(Floodlights suddenly loom on in the patio area)

Ash: They'll pick us off Ronnie,.. We'll never make it. (He has his gun out now.) She can't shield us both. (They are all coughing, but the gas is drifting out slowly thru the patio doors that are shattered.)

Ronnie: She goes with me, brother (pulling Pam in front of him) ...you two make a run for it after we go out.....

Ash: You crazy man?..No Way! I ain't ready to die for no ofay! (he slugs Ronnie with his gun. Ron falls between Ash and Pam, who breaks out the patio door, scrambling away to the side. Ash crouches and fires wildly after her form. A return shot riccochets into the room - creasing Ming's arm)

Ash: (Screaming) DIRTY.. Blue-eyed PIGS! (And he begins shooting out the door.) I'll take some of you before you get me..... come and get us PIGS...(Then he whirls and fires once th through the hall door. There is no return fire. Ash retrieves Ronnie's gun as Ronnie starts to come to. Ming is trying to get out the patio door. Ash spots her knocks her across the room. She fall against the couch. Ronnie slumps back to the floor.)

Ash: (Again screaming) C'MON PIGGL PIGGIES..OINK..OINK..WHAT ARE YOU WAITIN FOR?...COME AND GET US. (he crouches at the patio door. Another canniste of gas crashes into the room above his head. Sputtering and down on his knees by the doors, Ash fires again.)

Ash: You'll have to kill us..PIGS! (Ming raises up from the floor and tiptoes towards Ash. He

The Unknown

Suspended in tranquility and enjoying an all-encompassing comfort, I am content. As limited as these surroundings might be, they are my warmth, my security and my safety. The ebb and flow of nature's sustenance pulsates through every fiber of my being and nurtures me. I am at one with the world.

Interruption of my euphoria is swift, sharp, and effective. Oh, my God, the crushing pain! The suddenness of this assault is as traumatic as its severity. Impact is instantaneous and renders me helpless. My heart races against my chest. A vise-like spasm absorbs my strength. Exhaustion overwhelms me. How much longer can I endure? Fear-panic-loss of all control. Slipping, fading, sinking down past all understanding. My pleas fall on unhearing ears. Not yet! Not yet!

Will I be thrust into the new world despite my youth and unwillingness to go? Perhaps I'll find new freedom of mind and body. Should I want to see my father's face? Will nestling at my creator's bosom fulfill all my dreams? Clinging desperately to this shallow vestige of my universe, I cannot, I will not, part with this familiar existence.

The surging pressure bears down on me with a greater intensity. I can no longer resist this force that is driving me into the dark chasmic depths of the unknown. Falling, falling, screaming.....

(The doctor held the newborn baby in the air by the feet in order for the mother to see that he was perfectly formed and screaming for dear life.)

-Sharon Marizza-

I Have The Upper Hand

I have the upper hand.
my protection
is far too complex
for your beady eyes to comprehend
or your fixed imagination
to percieve.

if I wish to be alone
you aren't recognized
for I can slip away

into far away fantasies-
islands of mystical
existence
that you are not able to
fathom.

In my silent enclosure
I laugh
hideously
at your vain attempts
of entrance,
for you are never able.
sometimes
you lapse into stages
of quiet determination,
never abandoning your goal.
my admiration is yours

but triumph is mine.

-Linda Bohm-

TROTH

Promises

I see through you
In you I hear the quiver
of misbegotten truth
You cannot catch me
with my back turned
I have felt the blade's bitter pain
once too often to bear.

Promises

I once believed you
In you I heard the hope
of unfound happiness
You once held me
with your beauty
I had finally seen tomorrow
at the end of my road.

Promises

I cannot hear you
I was deafened by your words
and the wound can never heal
You'll never find me
mending pieces
I now see that you are broken
beyond one heart's repair.

-Bonnie Sayko-

WHAT A GOOD IMITATION THIS EARTH WAS
by Hawkins

the sun bomb was dropped today
about 45 miles from where I stand frozen
and although on the clearest
of days
No one
could
see 45 miles across the rolling terrain,
today was the exception

For the once-thriving metropolis
seemed to glow in front of this
inner light and quake in its presence
only for an astonishing, momentary, solemn
scream to be uttered.
in seconds everything that was
good
everything that was sinister and plagued
was
gone. Altother erased leaving only a film.
Within only a second's time the sun bomb
waved a fiery white hand
and left ashes,
molecules of shadows of the edifices
man labored so long to create,
labored so long to sustain.

the eruption is so loud it is quiet
although the rage is plundering further.
the terrain leveled,
the skyline stands in its ash frame
sprinkling people and pigeons
to that unconquerable wave
that radiates from the zero point.
Nothing was too sacred to be spared:
people-sitting in the civic opera house
people-lying in beds of life
people-spitting in the street curb
people-sweating from an ungodly summer, atomic, heat

As he watches he is slowly rattled
as if someone was shaking him in
their mightiest fury
and they are.
The heat wave sweeps over and turns everything
into this ghost of shadows outlines.
Destroyed so quickly, demolecularized
so quickly, it is never really heard or felt.

life just stops
the dream is over
in one psychotic panic we are drowned in ashes
and this man in silo 42
deep within the guts of America
hysterical grin of a deranged maniac
The smoke erection stretched overhead has
its seed deposited all too neatly.
He is the man who now must now plan to bury America
as it dies before his eyes
for now he is able to complete
his dissertation on "The Effects of Radiation
On Human Races."
He scribbles in a hurried, idiot pace notes
on what a good imitation this world really was.

Permanence
by R. Leclercq

I saw a Jet
The Marvelous Silver Bird
Leave its trail against the sky

It was vast
conspicuous
and pleasing to men
who marveled at themselves

I turned away
And watched the grass rustle in the wind

I turned again
The trail was gone,
absorbed into the sky it sought to conquer.

THE GREAT ZIPPINI
J. R. Youngquist

Dim light leaked unevenly from the corroded stage lamps, dimly lighting a condemned theater, shielded from the outside world by its choking veil of dust-laden air. Once magnificient, the now streaked and water-stained velvet maroon curtains hung from the travis beneath the proscenium arch. The floorboards of the stage were rotten, their warping effect like that of a calm sea. Spider vebs dominated the once statuesque plaster walls, their rotting bodies of roaches and flies hanging from the dusted silken threads, their lives drained from them. The seats provided warm homes for families of mice. The presence of human domination could still be felt after the years, as the floors still grasped and held with the stickiness of Coca-Cola. Double-Bubble still stuck to the cold concrete floors, providing food for the theaters odd inhabitants.

Imagination gripped the mind of the single human inhabitant, dressed in a black top hat and black tails, as his eyes scanned the stage from the front row. A calloused black trunk sat silently beside a three-legged, walnut-stained stool beneath the cloudy light of the spots, the props of an old recollection.

"Ladies and Gentlemen." The voice echoed through his mind as if real,
"It gives me great pleasure to present to you--the Great Zippini." The cheers and loud ovation from the empty seats choked his mind as he assaulted the stairs to the floor of the stage. The tongue and groove planks creaked and groaned as he made his way to the ancient stool. "Thank-you, thank-you!" he said aloud to his invisible audience. "Amos and Otis also thank you." The clatter of his imaginary onlookers died in his mind. He knocked twice on the trunk. "Amos, come meet our lovely friends." His voice showed the definite flash of an Eastern accent, perhaps the Bronks. "Huh, I don't want to." The voice protruded from between clenched teeth. "Why?" asked Zippini aloud. "A-huh-huh. 'Cause I'm shy." "No nonsense now, come out."

Zippini opened the lid of the trunk and retrieved the body of a buck-toothed humanoid clad in a dusty tweed suit.
"Say hello to our audience, Amos."
"Hello to our audience, Amos." The words seemed to generate from the mouth of the plastic dummy. Laughter from the onlooking auditorium filled the air.
"Amos, now don't be silly. Tell the good people about what you have been doing with yourself."
"Uh, nothin'." The voice was crude.
"What do you mean nothing, Amos? Don't you remember the good time we had last night?"
"Nope. You were the only one who had a good time, telling me those silly bedtime stories." The imaginary audience roared.

Inside the lavish conference room sat the corporation executives and the board of trustees discussing their next business venture.
"And you see, gentlemen, we would profit handsomely from the construction of the new parking lot at that proposed site. It would add to the parking space for the public, increasing business, and give us the tax shelter we have been hunting for." Schlump spoke to his executive audience in convincing tones. Their point of concentration was the shiny top of Schlump's bald head, making him feel naked and cold.
"We have only to rid the property of that old structure and then will be in business."

A quick vote showed that the board had confidence in such a measure, and Schlump reclined in his office, his oxford shoes on the desk, puffing periodically on his merchaum pipe. He felt a sense of accomplishment overwhelm him, and he didn't try to fight it.

Zippini strode from his dressing room, down the familiar corridor to the front row of the theater, to perform yet

again for his audience of rats and mice. "Ladies and Gentlemen!" The introduction echoed through his mind again.
"I would like to present to you the Great Zippini."

The silence of the barren isles was interrupted by the intermittant applause within Zippini's soul.
"Thank-you, thank-you." He knocked on the trunk beside his stool.
"Otis?"
He opened it and pulled a bloated figure dressed meticulously as Little Lord Fauntleroy.
"Say hello, Otis."
"Hello." The words carried a childish, midwestern intonation.
"Otis," Zippini went on. "What did you learn at school today?"
"I learned what two and two are!"
"Well, what are they?"
"Five!" Otis giggled and turned to the audience.
"Why do you act so silly?" Zippini interrogated.
"You'd act like this too if some schnook had his hand up your back."

Zippini's concentration was broken by clapping from the theater, real clapping. He caught the body of a figure who's face was drowned in the shadows.
"Bravo, bravo." The figure was laughing.
"Mr. Zippini, you are magnificient."
"Of course I am. Have we met?" Zippini lifted his old body from the stool, still carrying Otis, trying to get a better look at his mysterious admirer.
"Who are you?" he asked.
"My name is Bernard Schlump." the stranger replied.

Later in Zippini's dressing room, trunks packed with his belongings crowded the space, once used to really great entertainers. A suitcase on his canvas cot contained Otis.
"So, right?" Zippini asked of it.
"So, right!" the deep voice returned.

He picked up his case and entered the theater, saying his lonely goodbye to his only real friends. Rebirth or reincarnation had come to be far from his stream of beliefs and time was his enemy.

"Extra, extra. Read all about it." blasted the youthful voice from the corner magazine stand.
"Theater demolished to make way for parking lot. Actor dies on stage. Read all about it. Extra, extra....."

Dying to Live

Ellen took a last look at herself in the mirror, turned the bathroom light out and walked through the kitchen to the back door. She shivered slightly as the winter wind hit her face. She tested the lock on the back door, satisfied, walked out to the front gate, listening to the crunch of snow under her shoes.

It was still fairly early...not quite eight, by her watch...and not too many people were about as she drove out of the village.

As she sped along the blacktop, she wondered...for the hundredth time... perhaps...what was wrong. She hadn't been feeling a bit good for several weeks now. Her stomach felt so bloated all the time. And this morning there were vague pangs. She knew it wasn't from what she had eaten, because she'd been watching her diet carefully to lose some weight.

The traffic was just beginning to build up on Madison Street as she came into Louisville. School children, clutching books and lunch sacks, hurried along the street, mufflers snuggled up under their chins and hands encased in mittens. Their cheerful voices failed to lift Ellen's spirits.

Bringing her '62 white Impala to a stop on a quiet residential street, she harried up to the large, tan, stucco house. She saw the curtain flutter at one of the windows, the dinning room, then her employer was opening the handsome, green front door.

"Good morning," Katherine said cheerily, "It's cold out there, isn't it?"

"Yes," Ellen replied, carefully wiping her white nursing oxfords on the green area rug just inside the door. "I'm glad the snow isn't deep; I hate wearing boots."

Katherine was in her earily sixties but looked much younger. She was slender as a young girl, thanks to careful diet and exercise. She wore expensively simple clothes and was very fastidious about her person, her home, and those around her.

Ellen always felt gawky and frumpy in Katherine's presence, but suspected it was her own inadequacy. Katherine's petiteness, her beautiful clothes, the aura of wealth that clung to her .... Ellen envied her. But Ellen liked Katherine. Katherine had always been kind.

"Is Grandma awake?" Ellen asked, taking off her gloves and hanging up her coat.

"No," Katherine replied, surveying her employee with a critical eye. 'She' sleep about another hour. Are you feeling alright? You're pale."

"I know," Ellen apologized, one hand going to her face, "I haven't felt well for some time, but I don't know why. I feel a little feverish, but I'm alright. Is William up yet?"

William Katherine's husband, was once a powerfully built, handsome man, but a serious stroke and complications had left him frail, with a speech impairment, and needing to use a walker to get around.

He was sitting on the side of the bed, His hair was messed and his trousers were unzipped. But his eyes were alert as he looked up at her. She smiled at him, relieved. Some mornings he was listless; some days he couldn't remember her name.

She talked gently, gaily to him as she helped him to the bathroom, just off the bedroom. She set him on the toliet stool and brushed his false teeth while he urinated and had a bowel movement. He always seemed to enjoy hearing about the children, animals, the weather, town. She had noticed, too, that he seemed to have a better day when he was interested.

Then she cleaned him thoroughly, including his hands, arranged his clothes and got him out the bathroom door to his walker. She flushed the stool, then carefully washed her hands with plenty of soap and water.

After she combed his hair-- sandy-colored but thinning across the top, she settled his wire-rimmed glasses on his large, boney nose, and helped him to the breakfast nook. This was the most exasperating part of Ellen's job. William would take two or three steps and then stop and look around for several minutes. Especially after they came out of the hall into the living room.

The living room, at the back of the house was elegant but comfortable. Several slightly worn-looking throw pillows, one a pleasing yellow and another a sage green gave the room a homey look.

After Ellen had him finally settled in the breakfast nook with his grapefruit, egg, bacon, toast and Sanka, she went through the living room and down the hall to the last bedroom. The door was partially closed. Peeking in, she saw that Katherine's mother was still asleep.

She went into the bathroom, next to Grandma's, off the hall, and quickly close took care of her physical needs. She couldn't leave William alone too long.

On her way back to the kitchen, Ellen stopped in the door way to William and Katherine's bedroom. Katherine was making up the bed, still wearing her blue robe, pajamas, and house slippers. Her hair, short and blond, was neatly brushed into shiny waves with a few curls over the ears. She looked up at Ellen's entrance.

"Would you like me to help you with that? Ellen offered, adding, "William's eating his breakfast and Grandma's still sleeping." "No," Katherine replied, "I'd rather you stayed with William." "Okay," Ellen nodded and hurried back to the kitchen. William looked up at her entrance and she thought he looked a bit forlorn. She suspected he was rather gregarious by nature....he didn't enjoy being alone for any period of time. She patted his shoulder. "How are you doing, William? she aksed. And he nodded his head, a smile in his eyes continued. "Good, good. You're really doing well. You must have been hungry. I'd better warm your Sanka for you."

It took a lot of patience to care for William. He was terribly slow and by the time he got through his grapefruit, his egg and bacon(or cereal if he had that instead) his Sanka would be almost cold. She was gentle with him. He was like a small child in many respects and she was thankful she could be patient.

She warmed up his half cup of Sanka with boiling water from the tea kettle on the stove. The she made herself a cup of instant coffee and sat down at the small table.

He enjoyed having her sit with him. The table sat in front of a large window overlooking the street and it was usually a very quiet street, so she suspected he found it rather boring.

She talked to him about her husband, Eddie, who worked for the railroad, stopping ocasionally to encourage him to eat. She noticed, with an inward smile of amusement, that his glass of water was still untouhhed. He'd avoid that like Bubonic Plague! He hated water, but he knew it was very important to his health, as he had some serious kidney problems. Water was a continons battle.

Ellen chattered away, making an effort to talk about things to keep him interested..She was rewarded by seeing him finish most of his meal by the time Katherine came back. Dressed for the day in a tailored green linen dress and sport oxfords. Katherine made herself a cup of coffee and sat down by the table.

"I'd better see if Grandma's awake," Ellen said, raising. "I'll take care of William," Katherine said, quickly, smiling at her. Ellen hurried down the hall t to Grandma's room and pushed the door open. Grandma was sitting up in the bed, propped up with pillows and reading from a well worn Bible. She looked up with a smile, her eyes bright.

"Good morning," Ellen greeted her, "How are you this morning?" "Oh, fine," Grandma answered, "Is it cold out there?" "Yes," Ellen replied, taking the chamber pot out of its sedate camouflage, "It's pretty nippy out there; a pretty stiff breeze, you know. Back in a minute,."

As she cleaned the pot with a liquid antiseptic, she chuckled. Old folks always wanted to know about the weather. She sobered. Well, she guessed if she

were in their shoes, she'd be interested in knowing what was going on out there, too. The trouble with most people was that they had no understanding or patience with old people. They treated old folks like they had Leprosy or something. It wasn't just the young kids who seemed to feel that way. From her experiences in nursing homes and the hospitials, she knew it was a lot of people...her own age and a little older...who just had no compassion or understanding for their elders. How many times she'd seen an elderly, sick mother or father languish away because their children just didn't care.

And then there were the young Candy-Stripers at the hospitals and the Volunteers and people like herself who really cared. Well, maybe it all balanced out, somehow. She didn't know.

When she came back into her room , Grandma was sitting on the side of her bed, her feet dangling. She looked comical with her short white hair sticking up. But she was a no-nonsense person, as Ellen well knew. Actually, she was harder to care for at times than William, because she tended to be rather critical.

After Ellen had helped Grandma with her daily sponge bath, she got her into clean-clothes for the day, including the knee warmers that she insisted on wearing. When Ellen led her into the kitchen,where William was just finishing his Sanka, there was the usual exchange of pleasantries and small talk as Ellen busied herself preparing Grandma's breakfast. Grandma was a diabetic, so Ellen had to be very careful about the amount and kind of food that she gave her.

Grandma was a remarkable old lady. She had raised seven children, in spite of financial difficulties and premature death of her husband. At ninety-eight she was extremely clear of mind. Aside from the diabetes, her only difficulty was the weakness of old age. She was an interesting person to talk to...Katherine often said that Grandma could remember details from years ago that she herself, could not remember...and she was basically a very kind person, interested in people and their affairs.

The rest of Ellen's morning was more or less routine. While Grandma ate her breakfast, Ellen helped William into a comfortable chair in the living room, so he could watch the birds and little animals through the window. Then Ellen went into Grandma's room, stripped down the bed and remade it, leaving off the top sheet and covers. She opened one of the windows, closed the door and straightened up and picked up the room.

In the basement, she put Grandma's soiled gowns and underware in the washer to be washed. Then she went back upstairs to the living room and sat down near William.

She made small talk with him for about ten minutes, gauging Grandma's progress with her breakfast by the sounds coming from the kitchen; the rattle of silverware and clink of a cup in a saucer. This had become rather automatic after a short period of time.

Looking at her watch, Ellen realized it was about that time again. "Do you need to go to the bathroom, William?" she asked him. He nodded his head, smiling his shy, kind of smile. She helped him out of the chair and into the walker, his constant companion when he was out of bed. Then began the tedious job of getting him into the bathroom. Even when he knew he had to go to the bathroom, he still had to be urged, repeatedly, to hurry. She often thought that perhaps his mind had developed this pattern, carried out in his walking...two steps and then stop and look around for a minute or two. Regardless of what was causing it, it was especially exasperating at times like this.

As she had feared, by the time she got him into the bathroom, he'd wet his pants. She got him onto the stool, took his trousers the rest of the way off... including the Chux, which were a necessity for him...and also his socks and shoes. He'd have to be changed from the skin out. There'd be more laundry for her to do,too.

She sighed, and felt her tiredness settling into the back of her neck; tiredness and tension. She'd give anything right now if she could curl up on her own bed and just relax for a while. She shrugged her shoulders, willing herself to be gentle with William, instead of screaming at him as she suddenly felt like doing.. She hated herself when she felt this way, and it seemed as if she'd been feeling this way often lately.

After she'd gotten William re-dressed with the inevitable Chux in place, there was another trip back to the living room, then the job of getting him to drink a glass of water. Grandma's room was finished, the window was closed, and Grandma was brought back and settled in her rocker, with the morning newspaper.

The dirty dishes were scraped and put into the dishwasher, the pans were washed and put away. Then Ellen could sit down for about a half hour. She and Katherine discussed plans for lunch, including William in their conversation... as much as that was possible...and made small talk.

When Ellen made a trip to the bathroom, to take care of a sudden urgent physical need of her own, she became rather alarmed. Her menstrual flow these last two days had been rather heavy ...more so than usual...but this was frightening. She was passing large clots

"Dear God, what is happening to me? she whispered to her reflection in the [illegible]

mirror as she washed her hands.

The pains and cramps in her stomach could not be put down now to a possible case of the Flu. She was no doctor, not even a certified LPN, but she'd had enough training to know something was drastically wrong.

Fighting off a wave of dizziness, she walked back into the kitchen and began to prepare lunch. It took a real effort to concentrate on what she was doing, but she was determined to finish out the day if at all possible. She spoke quietly to Katherine, Grandma and William during lunch, and she caught Katherine watching her several times. She'd guessed that she wasn't acting quite as cheerful as she'd like to, but she felt if she allowed herself to laugh about anything she'd give away the hysteria she felt lurking in the background.

By two o'clock, her good intentions had melted away. She had to go home---or better still---to the doctor's office. William and Grandma were down for naps, the kitchen was tidied up and dirty dishes were being washed in the dishwasher. She went into the living room, where Katherine was relaxing on the sofa with the newspaper and a Time magazine.

Ellen began, tentatively, "I'm sorry, but I'm going to have to leave early, as soon as possible. I'm not feeling a bit well." Katherine looked up at her for a moment, taken aback. Then concern came into her eyes and she sat up with a quick, lithe movement.

"Of course," she said quickly, "You don't look well, still pale. Everything's taken care of in the kitchen, isn't it?"

Ellen nodded idly, wondering if Katherine would have told her she had to stay if the work hadn't been done. Then, ashamed of herself, she dismissed the thought.

"Well, you can go. You'd better get yourself to the doctor," Katherine said, walking with her into the foyer, then handing her a check. "Here's your money. Will you call me tomorrow and let me know whether you'll be back on Monday? I I hope you get to feeling better; I don't have anyone else to help me, you know."

"Yes," Ellen answered, putting the check into her green uniform pocket and beginning to dress for the outdoors, "I'll call you tomorrow. And...I'm sorry about this."

Several blocks away, she pulled the car into a gas station and used a pay telephone to call her doctor's office and was told to come directly to the office. The next two hours were hectic. Her family doctor, after talking to her for a few moments, called a Gynocologist Obstetrician and then sent her directly to the office. The doctor, a quiet, kind man in his thirties, ultimately made plans for a "D&C," which would involve a hospital stay of several days. His kidness and the explainations he gave her had the desired affect on her.

After she arrived home, Ellen called Katherine and told her what the doctor had said. Katherine was upset, but Ellen told her she could go ahead and hire someone else to take her place, because there was no real guarantee that the "D&C" would do the job that was needed. The doctor had told her that, if the minor surgery didn't work, she might have to have a hysterectomy.

She went upstairs, changed clothes and came back down. Her daughter, Jo, helped her prepare supper, and while they worked, she told her what had happened at the doctor's office.

Soon there was the patter of little feet and Jo's daughter, Ann, came running into the kitchen. She was two years old, fair, with large hazel eyes. Her cheeks were flushed with sleep. She ran to her mother and Jo leaned down to her and picked her up.

"How are you, punkin?" Jo asked, nuzzling her soft, warm neck, "Did you have a nice nap? Grandma's home."

Ellen smiled at her first grandchild, her physical condition forgotten for the moment. She held out her arms and after a moment's hesitation---she was strictly a "Momma's girl" and there were very few people she would be friendly towards--Ann accepted her, Ellen held her close to her, cherishing this moment. She loved her three children but this grandchild was the joy of her life. She hoped she and Eddie would have four or five more.

Grand'ma loves you," she said, kissing one fat, little hand, "Do you know what Grandma saw on the way home? Some little piggies nursing their mother they were hungry...and a new little horsey. He was with his mother out in the field and was running around, chasing some butterflies. His tail was straight up in the air and he was having a good time, just like you do

when you play outside. Would you like to go see him, maybe tomorrow?"

Around five-thirty, she heard the pick-up trick come down the alley and park by the garage. The table was set and supper was almost ready. A few minutes later, Eddie came through the door. With a squeal, Ann ran to him and he scooped her up. She grabbed his rather prominent nose in one chubby hand and he laughed and kissed her.

Then Ellen was in his arms and she leaned against him for a moment. It was so good to have him home. She looked up at him, some of her tiredness draining out of her.

"I love you," he said and leaning down, kissed her. She clung to him for a moment, fighting an overwhelming urge to cry. She pulled away from him, one hand carressing his ear.

"I had to go to the doctor's office today, honey," she said, and as concern flooded his face, "I'll tell you about it after supper. You look tired. Where did you work today?"

"Oh, they put me over in the-car shop part of the time." he answered, going into the bathroom to wash up, "I don't know how they think they can get by pushing the men like that and doing such a poor job. One of the bosses and I had a run-in, and I told him I wasn't going to let a car go through until it was done right; if he didn't like it he could call me for investigation. He knew Adamsen was there, so he didn't say anymore."

As they ate their supper together, the four of them., Jo told them about the letter she'd received from her husband, Lynn, who was on his second tour of duty in Viet Nam, with the Marines. Ellen's heart went out to her. He was in a dangerous zone right now and she knew that Jo was worried about him. She had heard Jo crying in the night several times and knew from the way that she was losing weight that it was hard on her. But Lynn only had five months to go and then he'd be home with them again and they could set up housekeeping.

Later that night in the darkened house, Ellen lay in her bed, listening to Eddies' heavy breathing beside her. He'd been so sweet and concerned, when she told him what the doctor had said. She knew that she didn't have all the answers to all her questions about this problem in her life. There were so many frightening old wive's tales that she was going to have to erase from her mind. And she knew the next few years might be hard on her...and on Eddie, too...but she knew he loved her and she was thankful for his patience.

What was that poster she'd seen the other day? "Unless you love someone, nothing nothing else makes sense."